

ONE MAD BLOW KILLS A CHILD.

Standing, Laughing, with a Playmate, Mamie Bryan Is Struck Down.

And Patrick Goggin, Sober, Stares in Horror at His Wounded Hand.

With Fist Freshly Reddened, He Seated Himself Stupidly on a Park Bench.

LITTLE GIRL IN GALA DRESS.

Just from School, in Sight of Home, When in Sudden Frenzy, Born of Drink, the Young Man Strikes Her to the Pavement.

Little Mamie Bryan is dead—the idol of Epiphany School and all the neighborhood of Stuyvesant Park—killed by a blow from the fist of a young man who was crazed by drink.

Gayly attired, in honor of the opening day of her school, from which she was returning, laughing happily and chatting with a playmate, she was within two doors of her home when the blow came without an instant's warning. Fifteen hours later—hours of agonizing pain—her merry existence ended.

It was not the blow of any one of the city's outlaws, delivered with sinister motive, but that of a youth whose previous record is clean and honorable—Patrick Goggin, who was dazed by liquor, and who, a prisoner in the Yorkville Police Station, spends his time vainly trying to realize that he, of all men in the world, could have raised his hand against a child.

These are the chief elements of a tragedy of which the city has not witnessed the parallel in many a year, if ever.

Mamie Bryan was barely twelve years old. She lived with her mother and her three great aunts, the Misses Riley, in the latter's handsome home at No. 315 East Eighteenth street. With her slight, graceful figure, her mass of golden curls, her pretty manners and merry disposition, she was idolized by her playmates, while her mother and great aunts had hardly a thought that was not devoted to her happiness.

For six years Mamie had attended the Epiphany School on Twenty-second street, near Second avenue, of which Sister Williamama is principal. In all the school entertainments and those of Epiphany Church, which she regularly attended with her mother and great aunts, Mamie was prominent owing to her gifts of elocution, dancing and mimicry.

The Fairy Dress. She loved her school work and had been looking forward impatiently to the opening of the term on Monday. This was a great event, and in honor of it Mamie was decked out like a fairy. Her frock was pure white. Her dancing, golden curls were adorned by a white ducl d'acier cap of fairy design. Every other visible detail of her costume was flaming red—red slippers and stockings and a red ribbon about her waist. In her belt was a dainty chateaufort watch, of which she was especially proud.

With all her beauty and her fiery, Mamie Bryan was not proud or disdainful of little girls in Epiphany school who are in humble circumstances. Her bosom friend was Mary Flynn, aged thirteen, whose parents live unpretentiously at No. 417 East Seventeenth street, and when school was dismissed for the day at half-past 3 o'clock it was in Mary Flynn's company that she turned into Second avenue and danced merrily homeward.

It is from Mary Flynn that the clearest details of the tragedy come. Although she hardly slept all Monday night while her playmate lay battling with death and was too frightened and hysterical in the morning to recall what had happened, late yesterday she became calm, and in the presence of Sister Williamama furnished a touching picture of the scene from the time they left the school together until she left her playmate's bedside to return to her own home late that evening.

Mamie Bryan carried her school books in a canvas bag in her left hand. She was brim full of happiness. She chattered about the incidents of the day with laughing comments and laid a dozen plans for the long Winter months.

"Auntie Is Watching for Me." Mamie's home is on the north side of Eighteenth street, midway between Second and First avenues. As the playmates turned from Second avenue into Eighteenth street, Mamie said:

"You must come and see me soon. Bridget Swift has lent me her book of fairy tales, by Hans Christian Andersen. They are lovely. We will go over them together."

A moment later Mamie put her finger on her lips and whispered roughly:

"Auntie is watching out of the upstairs window for me—I just know she is. Let's pretend we're thinking of going somewhere else."

But an instant later this bit of mischief had been abandoned.

"Oh, I forgot," she said suddenly; "I must hurry home to go with mamma for my music lesson."

And as the two danced along together Mamie pulled her chateaufort watch from her belt and glanced at it. They were directly in front of No. 311, two doors from Mamie's home.

At this stage of her narrative Mary Flynn's bosom began to heave, and her eyes filled with tears.

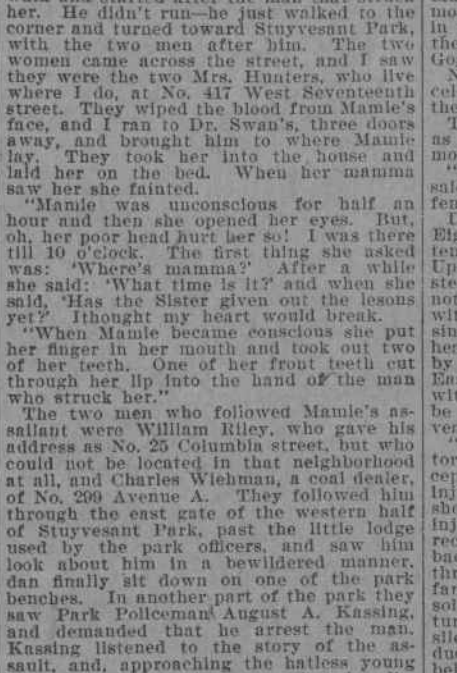
A Terrible Blow. "Oh, it was horrible," she said. "I was looking at Mamie, and saw no one else. I know that she saw no one else. But all at once I heard a hoarse voice say something, and saw a man strike poor Mamie in the mouth, an awful blow, and she fell down with her head crashing on the sidewalk, and I saw there with the blood streaming down the side of her face, 'Mamma, mamma, tell mamma,' she said, and then I thought she was dead."

"I looked up and saw a man without any hat walking toward Second avenue, and two men on either side of Eighteenth street. I saw two women and a boy on the side of Eighteenth street. They were going to the men and pointing at without any hat. The two men



MAMIE BRYAN

PATRICK GOGGIN



MAMIE'S HOME — WHERE THE BLOW WAS STRUCK

Mamie Bryan, Who Was Struck Dead by a Madman's Blow.

looked over at Mamie lying on the sidewalk and started after the man that struck her. He didn't run—he just walked to the corner and turned toward Stuyvesant Park, with the two men after him. The two women came across the street, and I saw they were the two Mrs. Hunters, who live where I do, at No. 417 West Seventeenth street. They rushed toward Mamie's home, and I ran to Dr. Swan's, three doors away, and brought him to where Mamie lay. They took her into the house, and I saw her face and I ran to Dr. Swan's, three doors away, and brought him to where Mamie lay. They took her into the house, and I saw her face and I ran to Dr. Swan's, three doors away, and brought him to where Mamie lay.

The two men who followed Mamie's assailant were William Riley, who gave his address as No. 25 Columbia street, but who could not be located in that neighborhood at all, and Charles Wehman, a coal dealer, of No. 206 Avenue A. They followed him through the east gate of the western half of Stuyvesant Park, past the little lodge used by the park officers, and saw him look about him in a bewildered manner, and then he turned to the right and ran toward the park benches. In another part of the park they saw Park Policeman August A. Kassing, and demanded that he arrest the man. Kassing listened to the story of the assault, and, approaching the hatless young fellow, whose clothing was otherwise disarranged, said:

His Tale-Tale Hand. "What have you been doing?" "Nothing," said the man, looking up in a dazed fashion. His eyes were glassy, and his face suffused with color. There was blood on his right hand.

"What is the matter with your hand?" demanded the officer.

"Nothing—I don't know," answered the man, with a bewildered glance about him. Just then Park Policeman August A. Kassing came up and heard the story of the two witnesses of the assault.

The fellow was here an hour ago," said Policeman Cropper, who was with him, and I sent him away from the park.

Kassing looked at his watch. It was then 3:35 p. m.—not yet half an hour after the dismissal of Epiphany School.

"The fellow was here an hour ago," said Policeman Cropper, who was with him, and I sent him away from the park. Second avenue toward the Twenty-second Street Police Station. Passing the corner of Eighteenth street he was met by Mrs. Hunter, who had just left Mamie's bedside.

"That is the man, officer," she said. "That is the man who struck the child. I saw him do it. I will identify him in court." And she gave the policeman her name and address.

The hatless man looked about him stupidly as he was led into the station house. He had hardly sense enough to remember that his name was Patrick Goggin, and that he lived at No. 211 East Forty-first street. Then he lapsed into vacuity.

"Where you ever arrested before?" asked the desk sergeant.

"Fifteen times, and always in front of my building," said the man, vacantly.

He was placed in a cell, when he went to sleep almost instantly. He slept soundly until early yesterday morning, when, on awaking, he demanded where he was and how he came there. He seemed to have no recollection whatever of the occurrences of the day before.

When, at 9 o'clock, on receipt of the information that Mamie Bryan was dead, that his name was Patrick Goggin, and that he lived at No. 211 East Forty-first street, then he lapsed into vacuity.

home from there, where I remained till 1 o'clock. I then left the house, going to a saloon at Forty-fourth street, where I remember taking one glass of beer. I also remember going out at the side door, feeling a little queer. From that time till I woke up in a cell I remember nothing whatever. I did not suppose I had ever struck any one in the whole course of my life.

"Are you often intoxicated?" "I don't think I was ever intoxicated."

"Were you ever arrested before?" "Never."

Mrs. Berry, with whom Goggin boarded, a motherly Irish woman, takes of Goggin's money for him, also, considers him an exemplary young man. She has several children and never for a moment failed to have her boarder among them.

"He went out," she said, "at 1 o'clock, as he says, I gave him \$8 when he went out. I don't know what to make of it."

And this is the condition of mind Eddie Sweeney is in—he doesn't know what to make of it.

"I don't know what to make of it," said Sweeney. "I don't know what to make of it."

A Surgeon's Explanation. A prominent uptown surgeon, when asked in regard to the probable cause of the Bryan's child's death, said:

"The first inquiry which should be made in all such cases is whether or not the person struck was in a normal condition at the time. A comparatively light blow on the head may cause death if the heart is in a weak or fatty condition."

"In cases where a blow on the jaw causes death, it is not infrequently found that the condition of the jaw have been driven

through the temporal bones into the base of the brain, causing laceration and hemorrhage. If the heart is in good condition, death will not result from concussion alone, but when the patient is suffering from a fatty liver, which is incapable of resisting against a shock, death may follow."

"Death in these cases may be instantaneous, or it may require some time to develop, according to the condition of the heart at the time."

Her Clothes and Conversation. She was robed in a white, silken wrap, then, dotted with pink figures. Now and then, in moving about in her impetuous way, she disclosed the edge of a garnet bracelet, rimmed with black lace, and black stockings. Her right hand was decorated with magnificent rings, diamonds large as small hickory nuts, and a sapphire worth a king's ransom. Bracelets studded with valuable gems adorned her right wrist, and at her dainty throat was a brooch of diamonds, interwoven to form her initials. The left hand and arm was devoid of any ornament.

The trip across the big water was delightful," she exclaimed in her charming broken English. "For one, two, three days (counting on her fingers), I was, oh, so sick. I cry all the time, and feel so sorry I left my home. Then I got better and began to enjoy myself. My little dog—he did not get ill—no mal de mer, but jump around all the time. It is so funny that people get sick on a boat and dogs do not. Why is it?"

As nobody could answer the question, she rattled on.

"You have one great man here—Senator Foraker with the accent on the kerf. He was so nice. At the concert on board, he told me that he would bring me an umbrella and pound the floor with it." And she laughed.

"I like American audiences, so much. They are so kind—so generous. But I am so nervous about my first appearance. I hope I will be a success. English is so hard to learn. I know only one English song, but I will learn more before I go back."

"You have heard of Chicago, of course," ventured a correspondent from that city.

"She knows her Geography." "Sheenag," replied the songstress.

"Why, of course, I know my geography! That is the city where the great exposition was held. London? Oh, I was so happy there. I received such magnificent presents—large diamond necklaces and a bicycle from the—what is that club?" (turning to Teddy Marks, who escorted her from the ship.)

"The Trafalgar Square Cycling Club," returned the irrepressible Teddy.

"Yes, that is it. I didn't bring my bicycle with me, as it was too much bother, but I will get one here—if I can afford it, and another merry peal of laughter escaped her.

"Do you ride in bloomers?" "Bloomers? Oh, dear, no," once tried so a costume of what you call it, knickerbockers? But it was, oh, so shocking!" and there was a look of mock sincerity on the pretty speaker's face. "I wear a short skirt and leggings now."

With the assistance of Ted Marks, who acted as interpreter, Miss Held explained her trouble with Marchand, proprietor of the Folies Bergeres and La Scala. She was under contract to appear for an indefinite period, with a forfeiture clause of 20,000 francs. The early applicants were enabled to get a receipt for rent at \$12 and \$15 per month until January 1, 1897, upon the payment of the June rent. Others that came in later were given until the same date. The flats have not been sold yet, but they are all taken. A purchaser would not derive any revenue from them before the end of the year, but he will figure it out that it is easier to hold tenants, or even to squeeze out an advance in the rent, than it is to get new tenants.

The second class are those who move in on as good terms as they can make, generally at an allowance of one month, and after that they put off paying on one pretext or another, not fearing dispossession until the new landlord takes hold, and that may not be for a year. A great many people have thus solved the problem of cheap rents by looking around a little. The percentage of members of the police force who are living in this thirty manner is very large.

HOW TO GET CHEAP RENT. Flats Filled with Tenants at Nominal Rents in Order to Make Quick Sales.

There are upward of a thousand people up in Harlem living practically rent free, and their case is not that of the man who found it cheaper to move than to pay rent.

These people are responsible and reputable, and many of them in good circumstances, drawing salaries as policemen, firemen, bookkeepers, etc. They pay two, three, and sometimes as many as four months' rent in a year.

The whole matter is very simple. In that section of the city north of One Hundred and Thirty-fifth street and west of the Harlem, as far out as Fort George or Kingsbridge, there has been for several years past a great boom in the building of flat houses. In the absence of rapid transit facilities it is difficult to secure tenants. The flats are well appointed, but, as a rule, small, having three, four and five rooms. They are being built by speculators for immediate sale. When completed the owner tells the agent to fill up the flats as speedily as possible with respectable families, no matter what concessions must be made. It seems well established in the real estate business that a flat house all filled can sell for more money than one perhaps better constructed that has some floors vacant.

The speculator has built the row of flats upon limited capital, and there are in consequence less from the bricklayers, carpenters, plasterers, masons, plumbers and other mechanics. Hence the speculator must sell quick or have the mechanics at his ears.

It is at this juncture that two classes of people move in. The first and most numerous are the shrewd ones, who understand the situation, and go boldly to the agent and make very favorable terms.

There is one row north of One Hundred and Thirty-fifth street, in a nice locality, which was opened for tenants on June 1 of last year. The early applicants were enabled to get a receipt for rent at \$12 and \$15 per month until January 1, 1897, upon the payment of the June rent. Others that came in later were given until the same date. The flats have not been sold yet, but they are all taken. A purchaser would not derive any revenue from them before the end of the year, but he will figure it out that it is easier to hold tenants, or even to squeeze out an advance in the rent, than it is to get new tenants.

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Music Hall Artist's First Question on Arriving in America.

She Rides a Bicycle and Declares Bloomers Are "Oh, So Shocking!"

Senator Foraker, Her Shipmate, She Says Is a Very Nice Man.

APPLAUDED HER AT THE CONCERT.

Vivacious and Lively, the Little Woman Hopes to Make a Great Hit in This Country.

An amateur pianist who read the lines in Anna Held's hand yesterday wrote this estimate of the music hall favorite:

Good fortune that she is, however, be of short duration; the he art line broods at frequent intervals, indicating numerous loves; the life line far too short for comfort; love of luxury and repose, with little heart for domesticity; great love for children and animals; a faculty for earning money, but not hoarding it, and a temper which when asserted would cause the heart to shrink.

"Qu'est-ce que c'est qu'un cocktail?" That was almost the first question asked by Anna Held as she sat in her apartments in the Hotel Netherland yesterday afternoon, surrounded by a group of friends and newspaper men. The reputation of the American drink had haunted her for many weeks prior to her departure for this country, and she seized the first opportunity to be enlightened on the subject. Her impressions of America, opinion of our harbor, streets, theatres and people were all forgotten in that query, which she made with all the earnestness of her being. When the mysteries of the gloom dispeller were explained to her she lay back in her chair and laughed—a merry, tinkling laugh that displayed her white, even teeth to advantage, while they lay concealed in a blue satin slipper, beat an exuberant tattoo on the floor.

Miss Held arrived on the steamship New York early yesterday morning. Her future manager, Florence Ziegfeld, with a party of friends on a yacht, met the vessel at Quarantine and escorted the fair chanteuse to the hotel, where for the rest of the day she had an informal reception. The pictures of her reproduced on bill boards do not do her justice—or rather, they convey a false impression. She is a little woman, not more than five feet two inches in height. A halo of light brown hair surmounts her head, and a pair of languorous, soft, hazel eyes peer forth from either side of a Grecian nose, rather too long to agree with a smiling mouth. Her face is oval, with high cheek bones. She is a Parisian only by accident of birth, her parents being natives of Warsaw, Poland.

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TAILOR'S SON THE THIEF.

Captured by Detectives Stealing Bolts of Cloth, His Father Becomes His Prosecutor.

Henry Schwartzman, twenty-three years old, of No. 1054 Third avenue, got his picture in the Rogues' Gallery yesterday, and had the additional distinction of being paraded before the detectives at Police Headquarters. He was arraigned before Magistrate Simms in the Harlem Court on a charge of grand larceny.

Charles Schwartzman, his father, who has a tailor shop at No. 1068 Third avenue, reported to the police some time ago the loss of several bolts of cloth. Central Office Detectives McGree and John Galtin watched in the neighborhood of the shop several nights, and Monday they saw young Schwartzman enter their better store about midnight and emerge later with a bundle. He was arrested, and his father made a complaint against him.

Schwartzman confessed his former thefts and implicated W. M. Weil, of No. 301 East Sixty-second street, and a third man, eighteen years old, of No. 1486 Park avenue, and George McGree, twenty-one years old, of No. 622 One Hundred and Third street.

Schwartzman was arrested some time ago for stealing a watch from a passenger on a Third Avenue car, but escaped punishment.

BEAT WITNESS IN COURT.

Young Frank Meyers Resisted Arrest and Attacked the Man who Accused Him of Theft.

Frank Meyers, nineteen years old, who was arraigned in the Harlem Court yesterday, made a savage attack upon Frank Hurter, a witness against him, and was only restrained from doing serious harm by the 1002 officers.

The young man was arrested by Detective Brown, Monday evening. One Hundred and Fifth street and Third avenue, after a desperate struggle. Meyers tripped the detective once and ran, but Hurter, who was sober, and, therefore, difficult to shoot, stopped him.

Meyers was charged with stealing a bicycle from the third floor of a tenement house at No. 2068 Third avenue last night. Brown found the wheel in the possession of Frank Hurter, who was arrested. Hurter said he had bought the wheel from Meyers.

Meyers, a sister of the Swifts, was in the court room at the time and added to the excitement by screaming at the top of her voice. Meyers was held for trial.